

How France Could Be Saved and the World With Her

THE French Government spent fifty-six thousand millions of francs in 1920—about eleven billion dollars at normal exchange rates.

Of this enormous total, twenty billions was raised by taxation and thirty-six billions by borrowing—that is, by selling short-term bonds, the sale of which goes on at the rate of a billion a month. These bonds are not paid when due, but simply renewed. Thus the national debt continues to pile up.

The budget estimate for 1921 calls for more millions than were spent in 1921. There is no way to increase the revenue, because the French people will not pay additional taxes. The Paris politicians have so saturated the people with the belief that Germany would be compelled to pay France's debts that the government is afraid to stir the nation to revolutionary rage by levying taxes to take the place of this hopeless dream.

So there is nothing ahead but more lotteries, more borrowings, more deficits, more piling up of a national debt that is beyond payment now.

There is one solution of these wretched conditions which European liberal statesmanship could adopt and which American sympathy and good will can becomingly suggest.

That solution is an economic and financial federation of Europe, with free trade and communication; with a common currency; with pooled re-

sources to refund and carry a pooled public debt; with a common renunciation of war indemnities; with fair plebiscites in all disputed territories to determine national allegiance, and with an open and sincere invitation to every people to join the federation upon equal and harmonious terms.

The League of Nations was a foolish contrivance, because it was built upon the theory of the forced submission of weaker peoples to the ultimatums of an alliance of the strong Powers—a political scheme which has been tried over and over again, always to fail, because it was bound in its nature to fail.

Mr. Harding's notion of an agreement to keep the peace is almost as weak on the same account—it is wholly political. And neither war nor peace is the child of politics. Each of them is created by economic causes.

An Economic Federation of Europe would save France and every other nation from bankruptcy and would soon make war a remote possibility.

We may feel sure that once the producing and marketing and consuming powers of the peoples of Europe were united for the greatest good of each and of all, just as they are in our own forty-eight splendid self-governing States, the causes of war would disappear and the man who talked of going to war would be looked upon as a criminal lunatic.

Meaning What One Says

THE president of Fordham University has uttered a solemn pledge that hereafter no form of radicalism would ever be taught within the walls of that institution. Let us hope that the esteemed gentleman did not mean this literally.

Additions to human knowledge nearly always come in a radical form. The man who first suggested that the earth was round when everyone believed it to be flat started something radical. The teachings of Socrates, Copernicus, Galileo, Harvey, Newton, etc., etc., which form the basis of the little knowledge that we possess today, were radical when first promulgated.

The man who is going to tell us how to cure cancer, how to make all human beings intelligent, how to drive misery out of the world, how to do any of the countless other things that we all want to do, is going to tell us something radical. The president of Fordham University probably has not the faintest idea of shutting the door against that man.

If he meant anarchism or bolshevism or any other form of idiotic radicalism which is now disturbing our civilization, why in the name of Noah Webster didn't he say so?

Let Us Have Peace

THE declaration of peace with Germany should be made at once.

The present technical state of war would be ridiculous, if it were not so harmful.

The interests which delay the peace declaration are the same interests which profited by the war, and profit by its technical continuance. Some of these are secretly British, some are wholly American—but all of them are profiteers and profiteers.

They are the lot who profited on seized alien property, for example. Each day that sees the peace resolution delayed is another day between them and investigation and probable restitution.

A Poor Half Loaf

THE Borah bill, just reported from the Senate Inter-oceanic Canals Committee, offers to American shipping using the Panama Canal half a loaf.

For while the needs of American shipping and the clearly expressed sentiment of the American people demand that all American ships should be allowed to use this canal built by Americans, with American money, without being obliged to pay for the exercise of that right, the Borah bill limits free passage through the canal to our ships engaged in coastwise trade only.

Foreign ships are by law excluded from American coastwise trade. Except to aid them in competition with the transcontinental railways, most of which are American owned, our coastwise ships need no concessions of this sort.

But our shipping engaged in foreign trade is hard put to it to maintain itself against the form of competition which foreign merchantmen with government subsidies and cheap labor are able to array against them.

In striving to build up a merchant marine of its own the United States does not wish to degrade the American seamen to the level of the Lascars, who form a large part of the crews of British vessels, or the rice-eating Japanese and Chinese coolies who labor sixteen hours a day for our competitors from beyond the Pacific.

Every other maritime nation is using every advantage it enjoys to protect its ocean shipping against American competition. The United States has but one such weapon ready to hand, and British influence with American politicians and the American press has thus far prevented its employment.

The Panama Canal should be open to every craft of American register that may need to pass through it. There is not another nation with a flag afloat that would hesitate for a moment to adopt this policy if it owned the canal. Senator Borah, who is usually right, has needlessly delayed the adoption of the only right policy by his advocacy of a compromise.

Watch Me Come Back.



HUMANISMS

BY William Atherton Du Puy

Fifty years ago, says Commissioner Thomas E. Robertson, of the Patent Office, an experienced examiner of patents resigned because he believed that all the patents had been taken out and that he would soon be left without a calling. He wanted to acquire a new profession before it was too late.

In the decade that followed a score of such inventions as the telephone and the electric light were made. So many patents are being taken out now that the Commissioner has to sign more than 100 of them every day.

He is a dignified gentleman, this Commissioner of Patents, with a gray goatee, and signs busily with a big fountain pen while he talks to you.

When the New York Commercial, the oldest business newspaper in the United States, recently celebrated its 125th anniversary by a dinner an amusing situation arose. An invitation was extended to Mayor John F. Hylan, of New York, and he declined because of the pressure of other engagements. Mayors have so many invitations to dinner.

But it turned out that President Harding was to be in New York that night and that he had accepted the invitation of the Commercial. In fact, the Vice President was to be there also and two or three members of the Cabinet. It was one of the dinners of greatest distinction that was to mark the cycle of the year in the whole Nation.

And the chief executive of the city had inadvertently barred himself from participation.

Here is a thing I have been encountering that will seem quite odd to the mass of people in the United States, migratory as they have shown themselves to be. Senator Bert M. Fernald of Maine, when he is at home, lives on a farm that has come down to him through five generations, from father to son. He intends to hand it on to his son, and he in turn has a son who will come to possess it. The Fernalds would never think of parting with this farm.

Secretary Weeks, of the War Department, not long ago told me a story of an old stone house in Greenland, N. H., in which resides a man by the name of John W. Weeks, a relative of his. People of this name have lived in this house in an unbroken line for 230 years.

This kind of thing is done in New England. People up there sort of stay put. They seem to have escaped the itch to move a State or two farther West each generation, which has possessed many Americans.

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Stars and Stripes

The definition of murder ought to be broadened so as to take in the fellow who talks you to death.

An angry man creates war within himself, leading his meaner instincts in an assault against his better ones.

True charity is modest; it has downcast eyes, the better to see the fallen.

The man who entertains a great opinion of himself harbors the most unpopular of guests.

There are no rewards offered for finding fault.

Conscience is never the healthier for taking a vacation.

The man who so cheerfully promises Tomorrow has just betrayed Today.

Mr. B. Baer

CAMPOR TOURNAIMENT.

Camphor ball golf season is on. Owing to fact that gypsy moths have habit of moving in like gypsy relatives, now is time to perfume works.

Camphor has invented so moths could have dainty desert after rough meal of sharp lapels and buttons. Old man pulls open bureau drawer. Barrage of camphor agates starts shooting like popcorn orchard in forest fire. Old boy looks in clothes closet for his tawdry hair tonic. Pulls down bundle. Runs into blizzard of camphor bearings.

Everything worth throwing away is carefully banded up in camphor dust. Contents of attic would make municipal garbage dump look like Cap Kid's treasure. Camphor is what makes moths live so long. Would starve to death without it. Makes 'em hungry. Just like syrup on waffles.

After having talked for century it's time for Congress to stop monologue and go into their dance. They should do something about this international camphor ball polo. Camphor is intoxicating to moths. One sniff and they immediately look up bright lights.

Camphor aroma is nice in subway. Sings sort of tenor odor in community chorus of smells. Pop goes to buy up profit-sharing interest in one subway ticket. Hands subway guard three pennies and two camphor marbles. Guard hands pop one punch in nose change. Old man pulls out tobacco pouch. Draws on pipe one hour. Something wrong with tobacco. Looks in pipe bowl. Finds he has been smoking camphor with all moth filler.

Old man gets up in dark. He pajamas around room while his feet play three-cushion billiards with camphor balls on carpet. Camphor scent is fierce.

Friends don't like it. Boss hates it. People shun him. Everybody avoids him except moths.

PREHISTORIC DRAWINGS. Drawings of 20,000 years ago have been discovered in caves near Poncin, on the Ain, in France. These pictures were scratched with sharpened flints, and show some of the earliest representations of human beings found up to the present.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

By K. C. B.

"One morning I called up a big coal company to give them the mischief about not having delivered some coal as promised. Just as soon as the connection was made a most pleasing voice said: 'Good morning! This is the Smith Coal Company speaking.' The musical voice and happy 'Good morning!' of the operator took all the fight out of me and I was willing to agree the delay was excusable. The moral is, one of the most important workers in your office is your telephone operator."—From "Take It From Me," by Coleman Cox, Monadnock Building, San Francisco.

AND THE other day, . . . ON A busy corner. . . I'D STOPPED a moment. . . TO ASK the policeman. . . ABOUT AN address. . . I WANTED to find. . . AND WHAT with me. . . AND THE automobiles. . . AND BLOWING his whistle. . . AND WAVING his arms. . . HE WAS very busy. . . AND HE started to tell me. . . WHERE I wanted to go. . . AND AN automobile. . . IGNORED HIS signal. . . OR DIDN'T see it. . . AND STARTED to cross. . . WHEN IT should have stood still. . . AND HE got angry. . . AND I didn't blame him. . . BECAUSE AFTER all. . . HE'S ONLY human.

AND HE blew his whistle. . . THREE VERY sharp blasts. . . AND THE auto stopped. . . JUST WHERE we stood. . . AND THE man inside. . . HELD UP his hands. . . AND SHOOK his head. . . AND SAID to the officer. . . "I'M VERY sorry. . . "IF I'VE disobeyed. . . "BUT I really thought. . . "YOU'D GIVEN the signal. . . "TO GO ahead. . . "BUT IF you hadn't. . . "I ASK your pardon." . . AND THE officer turned. . . AND LET him go on. . . AND SAID to me. . . "SOME OF these . . . "ARE SO darned nice. . . "THERE AIN'T a thing. . . "THAT A cop can do."

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Is There Demand For An 8-Ounce Loaf of Bread?

By BILL PRICE.

Is there a demand in Washington for an 8-ounce loaf of bread? And is there loss of money and heavy waste of bread with nothing smaller than 1-pound loaves being baked?

Communications to The Times from intelligent men and women point out that in families of two people—and there are thousands of these in Washington—a pound loaf means loss of money and unpreventable waste. The suggestion of one writer that an 8-ounce loaf should be baked has attracted considerable favorable attention, and it is asserted that there would be fair demand for bread of this size from families of two and even three people.

The new weights and measures law, which became effective less than three weeks ago, fixed the unit of bread at 1 pound, but permits an 8-ounce loaf, or loaves baked in multiples of one pound.

Not a single baker in Washington puts out an 8-ounce loaf, and the statement is made that few bakers in the country, if any, bake this size. There are technical reasons, it is said, that discourage it. The heat needed in baking this size loaf, it is claimed, cannot be controlled, as in larger sizes, with present machinery, without loss of energy and possible effect upon the quality of the bread. The cost per ounce, it is explained, would be proportionately greater than in larger sizes of bread.

Yet Washington bakers will doubtless find some way of surmounting the difficulties if they are sure that there is a demand, which can be ascertained only through expressions of the consumer. Progressive Washington bakers are always feeling out the public to see what the consumer wants, and stand ready to meet these wants, even if new machinery has to be installed at heavy expense.

There isn't the slightest question that there is serious bread waste in Washington, with nothing smaller than 1-pound loaves being baked. That size no doubt meets the requirements of the average-size family, and it has other advantages that the public appreciates.

The average American is insistent upon hot, or fresh, bread. In European countries there would be no waste of a 1-pound loaf in a family of two. It would be used to the last piece, and enjoyed.

"What Good Would Hurrying Do Me?"

A YOUNG person, male, with mind, soul and body concentrated on clothing and personal ease, was walking, slowly to his work.

A friend of different type asked, "Why don't you move a little faster? It wouldn't do you any harm to get on the job a few minutes earlier, to look around and see what is happening."

To this the slow moving YOUNG person replied, in the refined language of our day, "Forget it. I get \$20 a week. I wouldn't get \$21 if I hurried. So what good would hurrying do me?"

There are many of the non-hurrying type, too many of them. They hurry to the movies, hurry to get AWAY from work. But those that hurry to work, that "get on the job" ahead, and look around for chances to GET AHEAD, are few, and apparently growing fewer.

There is some truth and some falsehood, as is the case with nearly all statements, in the slow-moving young man's remark: "If I hurried, I wouldn't get \$21 instead of twenty."

Possibly if HE hurried he would not get the extra dollar or the extra thousand dollars that sometimes comes with hurrying. But then HE would not really be hurrying. He would only be trying to get another DOLLAR.

It is not trying to get the other dollar that makes men succeed. It is BEING the KIND of man that hurries, and works.

You don't get more because you hurry, but you get more because you are man with whom hurrying is natural. One who hurries TO his business, and hurries THROUGH business, can do MORE business.

And although the gentleman with his mind fixed on his straw hat at one end, and his fancy shoes at the other end, doubts it, yet those that manage business successfully are able to recognize the NATURAL HURRIER.

In the French Revolution when somebody suggested "that little Corsican" as a good man to send to Italy, he picked out young Bonaparte, later known as the Emperor Napoleon, because he knew that Bonaparte, "that young Corsican," was the sort of man that HURRIED.

The Austrians also discovered that young Bonaparte belonged to the kind that NATURALLY hurried. Young Bonaparte didn't make himself Emperor of the world, practically, from a little Corsican nobody, MERELY because he hurried.

Hurrying was simply a SIGN of what was in him. Therefore, if a worthless man says, "I wouldn't get a dollar more for hurrying" he probably tells the truth. For even though he DID hurry, he might still be a worthless man.

On the other hand, and on general principles, ENCOURAGE the hurrying instinct within yourself. It may turn out that hurrying artificially will teach you to hurry NATURALLY. Then that "extra dollar" will come.

One thing is sure: Those that go slowly TO their business, slowly through it, and rapidly AWAY from it, will go slowly to success, so very slowly that they will hurry away rapidly from life before ever getting there.